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POEMS
AND
Rhythmical Expressions.

DR. D. AMBROSE DAVIS.

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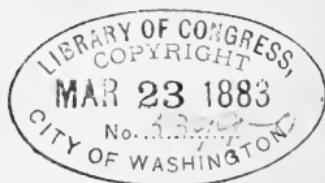
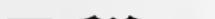
POEMS
AND
RHYTHMICAL EXPRESSIONS.

BY

DR. D. AMBROSE DAVIS.

Harmonious lyre strings interlace
All God's created things;
And never an orb that rolls in space
But like an angel sings.

33



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DEDICATORY.

The few rhythmical compositions contained in this little offering are dedicated by the author to his special friend and benefactor, S. E. W. Martin, Esq., of Chicago, Ill., the well and widely known humanitarian, and to every other fellow-mortal who shall find a single ray of pleasure in the perusal of them.

INTRODUCTORY.

This little book of poems is the product of the thought and inspiration of our friend and fellow citizen, Dr. D. Ambrose Davis; and I shall take pleasure in doing what little is in my power to do to introduce him and his work to the reading public.

I have been one of his many personal friends and acquaintances here for many years, and I feel assured that I can speak for them as well as for myself. They have known him in business, as well as in all his social relationships of life, as a very earnest, and yet a very quiet and unobtrusive man,—while yet personally full of generous impulses and noble deeds,—a moral hero indeed in standing for the truth, new and old, and in promulgating it to the world, and as having, too, withal a peculiar intuitive acumen in discerning what are old errors, and what are new truths,—what should be cast away, and what should be received and firmly, but kindly, maintained against all opposition. He has exhibited always a marked peculiarity in his expressions of kindness towards all who opposed his own thought, however harshly, or who could not receive his standard of excellence; for he would say that they were what they

must be from their organizations and surroundings. Another of his peculiarities has been—for he is a religious philosopher as well—that however cruel fate, or seeming misfortune, has been, he has submissively and hopefully seen the hand of Providence over-ruling all for good,—at least that there was surely a good in everything. While he so pronounced in reference to our terrible Chicago Fire,—in which so many thousands lost their all, and so many, himself among them, lost nearly all their earthly goods (and it seemed curious that he could do so), yet the event in so short a time seems to more than justify his presentiments.

But one of his most marked characteristics has been his gift of poesy.

This, indeed, would not be altogether unlooked for by the truest judges of human qualities, upon view. Of a very slender physical frame, a high mental nervous temperament, quite ethereal long ago, and becoming more so every day,—stepping upward into the spiritual,—it would require no fancy to discern that the *power divine* should be resident there, and fully manifest. And so it is; for he has been indeed a genius along this line. Many years ago he began to publish from time to time a short poem, and has continued to do so until the present. And we have often read them with pleasure, as we found them full of good, ripe thought, of high moral and religious tone, and

always, too, pleasingly rhythmical, mellifluous, sententious, and telling. And now, as the author is in the “sere and yellow leaf” of autumn, and the time of fruitage and harvest will soon be past, I wonder not that some of his many friends and acquaintances have besought him to garner up at least some of the scattered leaves, or pearls rather, and give them a proper setting, as a memento of him, and for the benefit of the world. He has now consented, and the result is this little volume. And I take great pleasure in commending it to all, and in giving it such words of praise as the modest author would not essay for himself. I hesitate not to say that I think all will be amply rewarded and instructed by its perusal; and that they will intuitively apply to him one of his own aphoristic expressions: “The retiring, mild-mannered man of genius ever holds a valid claim to the admiration of his fellow men.”

EDMUND S. HOLBROOK.

CHICAGO, ILL., NOV., 1882.

While the recipient of this kindly expression trembles lest he shall fall from the elevation it gives him, he places an exalted estimate upon it, coming gratuitously and unsolicited as it does from the pen of our well-known scholar and eminent jurist, Judge Edmund S. Holbrook, of Chi-

cago, who is not only an honored judge of legal jurisprudence, but also a judge of poetry, being himself a frequent poetical as well as prose contributor to the current literature of the day.

THE AUTHOR.

PREFATORY.

To the lenient and friendly Reader,—

The author of the little inscriptions to be found upon the following pages, having on his part no excuse for pretentiously appearing before the public in the *role* of a book-writer, indulges the hope that the kindly reader will justify the following laconic and extenuating explanation.

That oft-repeated requests and solicitations from friends, who have seemed earnestly desirous of retaining some little memento of their fellow mortal, when he shall have passed from the activities of this lower life to journey in supernal pathways, have been the impelling causes, and verily the real incentive, to the present appearing of this little token, which is but a little token most veritably, comprising only a few of the writer's published compositions, but enough, he thinks, until he can substantiate a better claim to depth of thought, and the hallowed God-gifts that ever sparkle in the inherited diadem of a poet.

THE AUTHOR.

RHYTHMICAL EXPRESSIONS.

DID ALL THINGS COME BY CHANCE?

If once there stood a chaos flood,
And time coursed not diurnally,
And beam of light from boundless night
Was ordered not supernally;
And if there was no first great cause
Or pulse that beat paternally,
Did chance ordain that such domain
Should cease its dread monotony?

And then devise the vaulted skies,
And form the heavenly canopy,
With diadems of glittering gems
To sparkle in its panoply?
Drape the clouds with vapory shrouds
To wave in matchless majesty,
And string the lyre of nature's choir
To chant its hallowed minstrelsy?

In that same hour then wield the power
To reach throughout immensity ;
And hold in place through boundless space
All wondrous things of entity ?
Command and cause all nature's laws
To blend in perfect harmony,—
With all to chime through endless time
Like sweet and sacred psalmody ?

If we reflect, do we expect
That chance will shape our destiny,
Leaving a pall thrown over all
Of deep unfathomed mystery ?
Does smiling spring no tidings bring
With all its gorgeous pageantry,
Or winter bleak no language speak
Like that of a divinity ?

While moments climb the mount of time
And onward roll successively,
Does chance control the human soul
And urge it on progressively ?
Hath chance designed man's glorious mind
With all of its reality,
And bade it fly to realms on high
To claim its immortality ?

Did chance design the orbs that shine,
And shades of night and morning,
With all the hallowed scene between
So wondrously adorning?
Oh, chance, avaunt! thou spectre gaunt!
Thou matchless ghost of vanity!
Avaunt! avaunt! nor henceforth haunt
God's own beloved humanity!

HUMILITY INHERITED.

My brothers and sisters of earth,
Then have ye no blessings for me;
Since such was my humble and lowly birth
That I am of little apparent worth
In what ye externally see?

'Tis true I have no regal sire
To breathe me a breath of fame;
No magic have I to strike the lyre
To herald forth my name.

But I am more than a clay-cold clod,—
Ay, more than a sapphire gem,—

For I am by birth-right a god,
A child of the great I Am ;
And my foot-prints will gleam where Jehovah
hath trod
All over Jerusalem.

Yea, I shall traverse the starry heights,
Where resplendent glories roll,
And my path will be strewn with celestial delights
In the radiance of the soul.

But shall I be greater than ye,
Or am I the chosen of God ?
And may not the pathway allotted to me
Also by you be trod ?

Nay, brothers and sisters of earth,
I may not journey alone ;
For all shall be counted as equal in worth
Regardless of lofty or lowly birth,
In accord with the life-deeds done.

And a soul that is now in the van,
In the upward and onward way,
Reaps not its reward from mortal man
In this lower life today.

WHAT SHALL MY MISSION BE?

If I go forth upon the field
The warrior's part to play,
And there the gleaming falchion wield
My brother-man to slay,
And thus I reinforcements send
The mourners' ranks to fill,
Will God be my approving friend
And send me blessings still ?

Or, if I at some altar stand
To breathe a faithless prayer,
And claim that by divine command
I take my station there,

And fan the Bible with my breath
To prove my utterance true,
What earnings should I find at death
For work I thus might do ?

What though I stand in lordly state
Professor of the laws,

And lift my voice in high debate
To gain the world's applause,
Then would the world supply my need
For all the life to be,
When I should pass beyond its meed,
What would there be for me ?

Or with the proud physician's part
I boast of matchless skill,
Professing some mysterious art
Or wondrous power of will :
In all the depths of such a charm
To make the wounded whole,
Oh, could I find a healing balm
For wounds upon the soul ?

Though claims I have to widespread lands
And mines of golden ore,
And grasp in my unworthy hands
The earnings of the poor,
And thus my name should go abroad
O'er all the land and sea,
How could I carry that to God ?
How would it answer me ?

Oh, let me have some mission true,
As Jesus had on earth,

Although my friends may be but few,
And goods of little worth ;
Yea, let me tread, as Jesus trod,
The pathway of the just —
Then will I carry that to God
With firm and holy trust.

FRATERNITY.

"LO, THE POOR RED MAN!"

Why stand we apart with our work in the vineyard,
Since God's every child has its mission to fill ?
Oh, why not go forward like brothers and sisters,
Forever united in earnest good will ?

Are we not children of one Divine Father,
Whose blessings unto us incessantly flow ?
And should we not follow our Father's example
By kindly bestowing what we can bestow ?

His hand of guidance leads upward forever,
And never rewardless a soul that moves on ;
For if divine precept is blended with practice,
There never is lacking a victory won.

Our words of endearment are all fitly spoken ;
But who will in action their meaning express ?
Who will exhibit the Nazarene token
With only the motive to love and to bless ?

Who will step forward in heart-kindled kindness
To lead the misguided from pathways of sin,—
Search out the souls that are groping in blindness,
And find them a refuge and welcome them in ?

Who will engage in the work of redemption,
And glory at taking their stand in the van,
Stretch forth in earnest the hand of the helper,
As holy intentions and worth only can ?

Speech may be uttered and echoes repeat it,
But actions will have their unending refrain ;
And if they are such as invite the blest angels,
Then angels will greet us and come to remain.

Oh, then, are we striving to merit such greeting ?
Do we all worship at love's sacred shrine ?
Will it appear when the life-book is opened
That we have all acted with purpose divine ?

Is there no "hunt-ground" or home for the Indian
In all the wide forests or fields of the earth ?

And must his pale brother who claims to be
Christian

Deprive him of all he inherits by birth?

Is that the precept ordained by Jehovah,
That going forth to God's altar and shrine,
That in accord with the gospel of Jesus,
The angel-trod pathway,—O brother mine?

Are not God's children wherever they may be
All the recipients of His divine care?
And should not the Red Man, the child of the
forest,
Be just awarded his God-given share?

The trees of the forest have no altercation,
But stand in their order as if they were one;
Their roots and their branches make progress
together
Until their great work of the temple is done.

Aye, worlds upon worlds are all chanting their
anthems
As sweetly as seraphs their melodies sing;
And if we are chiefest of all things created,
Should not chiefest goodness then crown us as
king?

Oh, if we look upward for wisdom and guidance,
How quickly the angels respond to our call,—
Using forever their utmost endeavor
To waft their own blessedness down to us all?

They would have us review the lives we are living,
And pause but sufficient to see where we stand;
To see if the gifts that our souls purpose giving
Are surely the gifts of “the heart in the hand.”

They point to the sunshine, the rain, and the dew-drops,
And call us to note how the God-gifts are given;
Alike unto all, and forever continued
As always our Father is smiling from Heaven.

They tell us the star-gems that sparkle above us,
All glowing with glory in acting their part,
Are asking us truly to be more fraternal
With shoulder to shoulder and heart-pulse to heart.

For tho’ in God’s wisdom our missions are varied,
That great sacred bond should be always the same;
And all hallowed kindness from one to another
Should be our beginning, our end, and our aim,

THE PRAYER OF JESUS.

Prayed the Christ when, pale and dying,
On the cruel cross he hung ;
When the temple-veil was rended,
And the night o'er day was flung ;
When the heartless soldier's spear-point
Pierced His anguished bosom through :
“ Father, oh, forgive, forgive them,
For they know not what they do ! ”

Mocking lips His woes derided ;
Heads were bowed in scornful pride ;
Judas had betrayed his Master ;
Peter thrice his Lord denied ;
Yet still prayed the Christ unceasing,
While His gasping breath He drew :
“ Father, oh, forgive, forgive them,
For they know not what they do ! ”

Oh, my suffering fellow-mortals
On the cross of earthly woes,
Bearing scoffs, and scorns, and scourges,
Angry words and cruel blows,

Can ye pray as did the Jesus
When no helping hand He knew:
“Father, oh, forgive, forgive them,
For they know not what they do”?

Ye, whose bruised and broken spirits
Sink beneath continual strife;
Ye, all faint and worn from suffering
By the weary way of life,—
Can you say for them that crush you,
When your friends are weak and few:
“Father, oh, forgive, forgive them,
For they know not what they do”?

Know ye not that all oppressors
Are themselves the most oppressed,
Needing all our kind compassion
More, far more, than all the rest?
And, therefore, we should pray for them,
Though they pierce our vitals through:
“Father, oh, forgive, forgive them,
For they know not what they do!”

Yes, ah, yes, dear, blessed martyrs,
Let us let the angels see
How we learn from our Great Teacher
To extend our charity;

How we plead for souls benighted
With a zeal forever new,
Asking God to please to help them,
“For they know not what they do.”

NATURE'S THEOLOGY.

Nature's great temple stands open forever,
All star-domed and radiant from portal to shrine,
With anthems eternal from God's chorus-singers,
And sermons proclaiming their Author Divine.

Listen, O mortals ! the teacher is teaching,
From ocean to ocean, from mountain to glen ;
Preaching,—yes, preaching,—Jehovah is preaching
His gospel of love to the children of men.

The trees bow them low in the hallowed old forest,
As souls may be swayed by the pathos of prayer ;
And, oh, divine chantings, how sacred and holy,
And freely bestowed as the ambient air !

The shadows of nightfall and splendors of morning,
With all their effect on the God-written scroll ;

And all the wide world, with its wondrous adorning,
Are speaking as God speaks, direct to the soul.

The murmur of brooklet, adown through the
meadow,
The voice of the insect, the bird, and the bee ;
Harmoniously sweet as the gospel of Jesus,
That fell on his hearers around Galilee.

And though the dread tempest, with all its loud
thunder,
May hold its great revel in Nature's domain ;
Yet God governs all with a purpose in wisdom,
And suffers no shadow to darken in vain.

How often the breath of the sweet, gentle zephyr
Comes with its whisper, so pensive and dear,
Like blessings of angels that hover about us,
With their benedictions to fall on the ear.

O Nature ! thy gospel is sacredly charming,
And well for earth's children that bow at its
shrine ;
For they shall all find they have heavenly manna
Who eat of its bread and partake of its wine.

And when God's evangels come over the river
To guide them across to that radiant shore,

Their loved ones shall meet them, and angels shall
greet them,
And joys shall attend them yet more and still
more.

For there is that mating, that blessed soul-blending,
That bond that is welded to never untie ;
That journey of life that shall never have ending,
And never the sadness of saying "good-bye."

THE ANSWERING VOICE.

On the summit of a mountain,
Where all seasons held the snow,
I was gazing round about me,
Up above and down below.

When a radiance came athwart me,
Like a halo round my head,
And I asked if I was mortal,
Or was numbered with the dead.

Then a voice from out the stillness
Answered that there was no death ;
That all things that were were living,
And they breathed their native breath.

Even rocks, from loftiest summits
Down to opals in the mine,
Had their lives in all perfection,
Sacred lives, and all divine.

So with worlds, and so with atoms,
All are perfect in their place ;
And all hallowed are their missions
Throughout time and throughout space.

God's own life pervades them always,
Worlds on worlds an endless pile ;
And unto His countless children
Glowing suns are but His smile.

Progress is Jehovah's mandate,
Action fans life's kindled fire,
And that change termed death by mortals
Is but simply stepping higher.

Therefore, then, that "King of Terrors"
Is thy friend and not thy foe,
Oh, step by those old-time errors ;
Upward look, and onward go.

Ceaseless is the soul's ascension,
Ceaseless gifts will Heaven bestow ;
Cease thou then all doubts concerning
The Eternal Fountain's flow.

SUPERNAL GUESTS.

When a sacred flame is kindled,
Radiant as the realms on high,
Angel hosts are gliding through it,
For we sense them passing by,—

Sense that high and holy mission
On which angels are intent,
Striving to awaken mortals
As if they were Heaven sent.

Then the question, how to meet them ?
How to greet them face to face ?
How to hold the radiant angels
Calmly in our soul's embrace ?

Ah ! methinks some preparation,
Such as mortals seldom make,
Will be found to be essential
Ere that heavenward step we take !

We shall need some fitting raiment,
Need some garments pure and white,
Suited to go forth and meet them
When they come within our sight.

We shall need the robes around us
That betoken noble deeds,
Far removed from fashion's follies
And the priestly garb of creeds.

Quickly, then, O fellow mortals,
At the star-beam's early dawn,
Let us be prepared and ready,
Lest we wait, and they are gone !

THE TINY RAPS.

“Hark, hark, O friends!” says a sprightly child
Some thirty-four years ago ;
“Oh, what in the world is this wonderful thing
That comes to startle us so ?

“Some little, strange, mysterious sounds,
Like echoes from over the lea ;
What tidings to us can such things bring,
What can their meaning be ?

“And vocal is all our home here now,
Even cupboard, and table, and chair ;
Ah, yes, and the wonderful voices come
Sometimes in the vacant air !

“Coming, and coming, and coming again,
Like the waves of a restless sea ;
Oh, how can we ever attempt to explain
This wonderful mystery ?

“And how shall we ever the problem solve,
Whether these are friends or foes,
Unless they come in some other form.
Their purpose to disclose ?”

But, ah ! a querying thought now comes
To question these tones, and see
If they might be consciously able to count
In numbers from one to three.

And, lo ! the response is quick and clear
As the tones of a silver bell :
“Ah, yes, we are here from the spirit sphere
With a glorious truth to tell !”

Then flash the tidings athwart the skies
That Heaven and earth are joined,
And the hallowed mint is all intact
Where the golden joys are coined !

And all the echoing chimes expand,
And grander the anthems swell ;

"Ah, yes, we are here from the Summer-land,
With a glorious truth to tell!"

'T is told, and the joyous, sweet refrain
Has been heard on every hand,
All over the earth, again and again,
And up in the spirit land.

Ah, yes, that grand immortal choir
Has many a concert given
That charmed the soul like a seraph lyre
From the upper courts of Heaven!

And still around our lives today
That holy anthem lingers,
For still the chords of that heavenly harp
Are touched by angel fingers.

And well may we meet and feel to rejoice,
And well may our hearts be stirred,
That ever those hallowed little tones
By the children of men were heard.

LIFE'S SCHOOL-ROOMS.

Lo ! the great Jehovah's problems
In life's school-rooms everywhere,
Waiting ever for solution
By the dear ones of His care.

Waiting as the worlds are waiting,
For us to the school-rooms come,
And as Heaven itself is waiting
For our joyous welcome home.

Lo ! ah, lo ! how many a token
Do we find at every turn ;
And more than our prayers are spoken
Do we needed lessons learn.

We need the contrast of all things,
We need the night and morn,
We need the winters and the springs,
And need the rose and thorn.

We need our toils and need repose,
We need have smiles and frowns ;
We need our joys and need our woes,
And all life's ups and downs ;

For as students in life's college
In the primal class we stand,
To acquire the needed knowledge
For the glorious Summer-Land.

And no fears we need to borrow
For our destined end or way,
If we only let tomorrow
Find us better than today.

For safely, oh, my fellow mortals,
Glide we o'er the tides of life
Onward to the heavenly portals,
Notwithstanding all the strife.

Ah, and even strife is blessing
If but rightly understood :
Something gained and worth possessing
For our everlasting good.

Then valiant let us be and brave
Through all our walks of life ;
Though from the cradle to the grave
There seems but toil and strife.

For soon, aye, soon, our laboring oars
Will from their labors cease,
And we shall tread God's starry floors
In paradisal peace.

RURAL LIFE.

We're out in the country, the beautiful country,
And, oh, how enchanting to sense the sweet air,
To hear all the songs of the birds in the forest
And list to the husbandman's heaven-heard
prayer.

Oh, it is better than hoarding up treasure
By strife and contention in city and town,
For here mother nature gives heaping full measure,
With smiles in addition and never a frown.

Here we can live to be true to each other,
True to ourselves and true to the world,
True to that star-spangled banner above us,
That glorious banner that never is furled.

Here we can worship in nature's cathedral,
Where the sweet anthems unceasingly roll,
And where we all seem to be nearer the angels,
For here is a solace that reaches the soul.

Here we are students in nature's great college,
And learn of the bees and the blossoming flowers,

And the dear divine breath of the sweet gentle
zephyrs
That whisper so kindly in the twilight hours.

And tutors we have as if God and his angels
Took note of our needs and had answered our
call ;
For surely it seems as if Heaven's evangels
Were waiting about us and watching us all.

The swallows are flitting around the rude shelters,
The robin sits chirping upon the beech tree,
And nature seems vocal with melody charming
From summit of mountain to shore of the sea.

Bright eyes about us undimmed by pollution
Salute us with glances most cheerful and bland,
And precious indeed are the sweet consolations
That stand forth to greet us on every hand.

The clear crystal brooks that meander the meadows,
Where violets and clover so charmingly bloom,
Are chanting their choruses ever and ever,
And always invite us so kindly to come.

The squirrels are sporting around the old fences,
The lambs on the hill-side are briskly at play,

The workmen are busy in every department,
And charmingly fragrant is the new-mown hay.

Oh, yes, it is joyous out here in this Eden,
Where pleasures unnumbered spontaneously flow,
And blessings attend us at every foot-step
In all the charmed pathways wherever we go.

And life-giving breath is the breath of the country,
For balm-breezes come from each valley and knoll;
And, oh, we but need to be nature's true children
To vie with the angels in whiteness of soul.

THE MARINER'S FAITH.*

Back to thy darkness, skeptic, back !
The Almighty is abroad ;
He treads the tempest's billowy track,
Even as of old He trod
The raging sea of Galilee ;
Back, skeptic,—there 's a God !

Aye, to thy darkness, skeptic, back !
Nor venture on the sea,
Else will the Great Omnipotent

* This poem was written forty years ago

Be manifest to thee,—
Who holds the waters in His hand
With awful majesty.

Loud roars the wild wind through our shrouds,
And swells the raging deep,
And madly o'er our naked decks
The surging waters leap ;
And all the storms of ocean's caves
Rise from their startled sleep.

The sails flap furious o'er our heads,
The straining masts give way,
Each timber creaks, each spar is snapped,
The tempest now has sway ;
And 'neath the dark, portentous clouds
High rolls the briny spray.

With shattered masts, with canvass rent,
With helm and rudder gone,
We dash across the watery waste,
Lashed to the wreck each one ;
With silent tongues and limbs benumbed
On rush we,—on and on !

On through the dark tempestuous night,
 On o'er the mountain wave,
Where terror grasps the hearts of men,
 Of men who once were brave ;
But now in most forlorn despair
 Hang o'er a watery grave.

And yet our noble captain shouts :
 “ Let not your courage fail !
Confide in God, my shipmates all,
 And he will calm the gale ! ”
And, lo ! the morn breaks clear and bright,
 And yonder gleams a sail.

Oh, thanks to Heaven, each heart responds ;
 The stranger-bark draws near,
Who put their trust in God are safe ;
 He does the tempest steer.
O skeptic, what more couldst thou have ?
 Is not Jehovah here ?

ACORNS AND OAKS.

Though tender the twig as it starts from its germinating
 To struggle with fate for what it shall be,
If favored by nature it stops not its growing
 Until its attains to a gigantic tree.

Lowly, most lowly, the germ of a lily
In silence unnoticed begins its career,
But, oh, how it climbs to the summit of beauty
To find itself lonely for lack of compeer.

All helpless the babe in the arms of its mother,
Entirely unconscious of what is to be ;
But, ah, when its feet reach the summit of manhood,
How wondrous the pathway it looks back to see.

Small though a fire that a little spark kindles,
Unheeded, unguarded, behold how it flashes ;
Cities and towns and the wide-spreading prairies
May quickly be found to be smoldering in ashes.

And slight though a crime that a soul may indulge in,
Unmindful that oaks from the small acorns grow,
So it may grow to be wondrously wicked,
And sink to the depths of the direst of woe.

But, oh, if the harp is attuned to the angel,
How sweet then life's anthem, how sacred and
dear ;
So charming the concord and hallowed the cadence
That Heaven seems truly to be with us here.

TO LITTLE ANGEL MINNEWA.

MINNEWA'S VERSE.

The following, from *The Voice of Angels*, interprets itself, and may possibly afford a moment's pleasant pastime to some reader. But however that may be, for a soul so dear as Minnewa* there must ever remain with the writer, in memory's keeping, a glowing and fadeless charm:—

CHICAGO, Jan. 29, 1879.

Editor of *The Voice of Angels*:

ESTEEMED BROTHER,—To this brief epistolary I am just now prompted by a greatly-beloved little Indian spirit, who gives us her name as Minnewa, or Placid Water in English, telling us that she forms one of the band of control of our God-gifted medium, Mrs. Hattie E. Davis. And in her simple, innocent, and unique manner of speech further makes it known to us that she has been in "butterfly" (spirit life) nearly one hundred "snows" (winters), having gone from the "caterpillar" (earth life) when she had seen but seventeen "leaf off 'um bush" (autumn seasons), and never having seen a pale face while upon the earth. But now, by her heavenly graces, and ever-truthful and Christ-like teachings, had so endeared herself to us, and the many who had availed themselves of the blessing of her "council talks," that I felt almost involuntarily impelled to breathe to her the following laconic greeting in rhythmical verse, which was not intended for the public, but for her only. But, she says: "Oh, chief, am much nice um sing-talk. Me big much like. Chief, put um in um talk paper," meaning *The Voice of Angels*. And, therefore, for your disposal, it is herewith submitted by your fraternal correspondent.

Oh, our sweet Minnewa, dear little spirit-squaw,
How gladly we welcome thee down to the earth;
We call thee an angel, and God's dear evangel;
But, oh, we lack language to tell of thy worth.

* This charming child of nature is by no means lacking in wisdom and profundity of thought, however childlike her speech may appear to the reader.

Forever untiring at all our inquiring,
And ready and willing to answer each call ;
How can we but love thee, since none are above thee
In blessed bestowals of kindness to all ?

How often hearts saddened have by thee been gladdened,
And led to look upward as never before ;
Oh, yes, thou dear angel, thou art God's evangel,
For daily we find it so, more and still more.

THE SOUL OF BENEFICENCE.

INSCRIBED TO A LADY OF UNBOUNDED BENEVOLENCE.

When the hallowed hand of kindness
Strives to bless a soul in need,
Oh, how quickly God's evangels
Note the precious Christ-like deed !

And its record they bear upward,
Upward to the realm of soul,
Where they hasten to inscribe it
On the great eternal scroll.

And where all undimmed and glowing
It shall ever brighter glow,

Telling of a soul's endeavor
While it lingered here below.

Telling how it fed the hungry,
How it clothed the suffering poor,
How it searched through all the vineyard
For the lowly cottage door,

Where the feet of little children
All unclad were cold and chill ;
And how then a heart of pity
Did its hallowed mission fill.

Oh, that book of many pages,
Pages closely written o'er,
How the angels hold it sacred
On that ever-shining shore !

Yes, ah, yes, dear blessed sister,
God's own records always tell
Whose kind hands His lambs have nurtured,
Who has labored, and how well.

SOUL-MATING.

They tell me of mating, of blessed soul-blending,
 Of love not of earth that is yet to be mine ;
Of a soul all aflame with divinest ascending
 To meet me and greet me and stand at the shrine.

Dwells she on earth yet ? or is she a spirit
 Anxiously watching and waiting for me ?
And shall I then truly my soul-mate inherit
 When I get over the tempest-tossed sea ?

Is she an angel, replete with compassion,
 And kindly excuses embosomed for me ?
Forgiving in mercy my faults and my follies,
 And all my transgressions whatever they be ?

Oh, such a treasure ; God knows I would grasp it
 And cease not my thanks through eternity's year,
Nor should I be tempted to ever unclasp it,
 Or count it less precious, less sacred and dear.

Oh, the blest picture, how gladly I view it,
 Though painted it may be upon the thin air ;
And though it may vanish ere I shall get to it,
 And leave me to wander alone in despair.

And, yet, if a dream, then it must not be broken,
I must not awaken and cast it away;
For life when bereft of its most divine token
Is more like the night-shades than sunlight and
day.

IN MEMORY OF

THE ASCENDED WM. LLOYD GARRISON.

Oh, let a cenotaph arise
In grandeur's grandest form
In memory of that child of God
Who stemmed life's bitterest storm.

Nor hold the structure from on high,
Or give it any bound;
Let not its summit be the sky,
Or basis be the ground.

But rear it to the sacred realms,
Where angel spirits roam;
And let the sparkling germs of worth
Illuminate its dome.

Then hang from Heaven's apex down
An everlasting scroll;
And let the glowing emblem be
The light of a martyr soul.

THE ANTHEM OF NATURE.

"There's not an orb that rolls in space but like an angel sings."

Listen, oh, listen, the tempest's rehearsal !

The ship and the waters take part in the choir ;
The shrouds in the wind, and the white-foaming
billows,

Are chanting their psalms on the strings of the
lyre.

The cyclone of death, and the storm-peals of
thunder,

Are notes in the octave that echo afar ;
But worlds roll in space like the songs of a seraph,
Nor cease they forever at octave or bar.

The waves of the ocean with pearly-white fingers
Are touching forever the chords of the strand,
Unceasingly chiming the anthemnal chorus
Afar o'er the waters and over the land.

And, oh, how divinely the sacred old forests
Are waving their crests in the ambient air,
Thrilling our hearts by their charming enchant-
ments,
As souls may be thrilled by the fervor of prayer !

The lark of the morning neglects not its carol,
Nor herds of the pastures their cheering refrain ;
Nor ever a harp when attuned by Jehovah
But charms us and cheers us again and again.

The murmur of rivulet down through the meadow,
The voice of the insect, the bird, and the bee,
Harmoniously sweet as the gospel of Jesus
That fell on His hearers around Galilee.

And lowly and softly the sweet gentle zephyrs
Come with their whispers so pensive and dear, .
Like blessings of angels that hover about us
With their benedictions to fall on the ear.

Oh, hallowed the cadence, and sacred the anthem,
From summit of mountain to shore of the sea ;
For God's charming songsters are chanting in con-
cord
That great divine chorus that always shall be.

WE GO NOT OUT FROM NATURE.

We go not out from Nature
When our earthly work is done,
But only to that feature
Where more brightly shines the sun ,

Where the day is ever dawning
And we know no dark despair,
For the great Eternal Father
Holds us closely in his care.

We go not out from Nature
At what we now term death,
But only to that feature
Which more perfection hath ;
Where hill and dale and floweret
And dewy-jewelled sod,
And mountains with their stony lips,
Speak always up to God.

We go not out from Nature
At the beckoning boatman's call,
But only to that feature
Which forever blesses all ;
For the angel-boatman lands us
On that ever-shining shore,
Where the loved ones all await us
Who have journeyed on before.

We go not out from Nature
When our jorney here is done,
But only in that feature
Where we journey farther on ;

Where the pathways are more glorious,
And more hallowed all the view,
And where all is more victorious
In the ever good and true.

We go not out from Nature
When we leave the planet earth,
But only to that feature
Where we find diviner birth ;
Where we find diviner greeting
And more joy on every hand,
Where more kindly hearts are beating
In the glorious Summer-Land.

INSCRUTABLE PROVIDENCE.

Must there be all this commotion ?
Must the muttering thunders roll,
When we would have calm devotion,
And divinest peace of soul ?

Ah, I seem to hear the answer,
Like an echo from on high :
“ Wait, and thou shalt know the purpose
In the blessed by and bye.”

So, then, what jars the world today,
And drapes the land in sorrow,
May be but God's paternal way
Of blessing all tomorrow.

A KINDLY WHISPER.

Whatsoe'er thy lot, my brother,
Nobly act and do thy part !
Cast no burden on another,
Lest it fall on thine own heart :
Cast thou forth no barbed arrow,
Lest the same to thee return ;
And thou findest to thy sorrow
Just the wages thou didst earn.

For the law of compensation
Is God's ever just decree ;
And in its administration
It will justly deal with thee ;
Then, but, oh, how sweet the token,
As if all the heavens smiled,
If to thee it shall be spoken :
“ Nobly done, my blessed child.”

THE VOICE I HEARD.

I met on my journey of life one day

A soul that betokened grief;

And something said, or seemed to say :

“ Oh, give that soul relief ! ”

But what could I do for a suffering soul

When nothing I had to give ?

How could I make the wounded whole,

And bid the dying live ?

Or were there yet in the gardens of God

Some potent healing balms ?

And quickly the voice said : “ Yes, ah, yes,

Go clasp it in thine arms ! ”

“ And let compassion fill thy breast

With its divine control,

Then God’s own priceless balm thou hast

For that poor wounded soul.”

NEVER, NEVER LOST.

Oh, wherefore distrust that an atom of dust
 In the infinite realms of space,
Though tempest-tossed, can ever be lost
 From its perfectly destined place ?

Lost? Oh, nay, nay! There is no strand
 In all creation's realm
Where all may not in safety land,
 Since God is at the helm.

The clouds upon their billowy track
 Are never cast away,
But always bring some blessings back
 Upon another day.

The flowers that bloom upon the plain
 May fade and pass from view,
But spring-time brings them back again
 With all their charms anew.

So loved ones of our earthly plane
 May fade and pass from sight;
But, oh, they come to us again
 At morning, noon, and night!

TYRANNY.

Of despots all upon the earth,
Who rule by fire and fagot,
Oh, give us any if we must
But the religious bigot;
For they would nail the Christ again
Upon the cross today,
And let old superstition's reign
Again assert its sway.

Ah, yes, old superstition yet
Her sable mantle spreads,
And while we thoughtless mortals let
It fall upon our heads
We need to tread where martyrs trod,
We need awakening thunder,
Aye, and the matchless power of God,
To make us stand from under.

POEMS FOR THE LITTLE FOLKS.

HOW BLEST I WAS IN GIVING.

"Count that day lost whose low-descending sun
Sees from thy hand no worthy action done."

'T was very cold one winter day,
And I was out in it;
And surely thought that I should freeze
Almost every minute.

But I was struggling for the best,
And earnestly intended
To make some heavy heart grow light
Before that day was ended.

For there were some that I could help
By kindly word or deed,
Because so many always are
More or less in need.

And little Effie and little Jeffy
Were living over the river
In a lonely home, too drear and cold
For them and their poor mother.

And really they were very poor,
And almost in distress ;
For mother could not help them much,
And they were fatherless.

And I did pity them so much,
So sorrow-crushed was Jeffy ;
And, oh, my sympathies did flow
So much for little Effie.

So any cold that I might feel,
Or storm that I might stem,
Only prompted me the more
To hurry on to them.

For well I knew their hearts would swell
With joy at seeing me,
If nothing more that I should do
Than keep them company.

But I had more than that to do,
More than word-prayers to pray ;
For I had some good things for them
On that cold winter day.

Yes, I had some things I could give
Those dear ones over the river,

And I could hear the angels say :
“ God loves a cheerful giver.”

And when I found them, as I did,
All sad, and pale, and poor,
How glad I was that I could give
Them something from my store.

And when I saw them so rejoice
At what they then were having,
Oh, I did want the world to know
How blest I was in giving.

THE LITTLE GUEST AT SUPPER.

No fiction, but veritable fact.

One night I was sitting alone at tea,
And a little fly come to take supper with me ;
And I did not tell him to go away,
But treated him kindly, and let him stay ;
And gave him some cake, and cheese, and bread,
And everything else, the best that I had ;
For he seemed to be a nice little fly
And ought to have supper as well as I ;
And may be thought I was glad he had come,
For he seemed to appear as if quite at home.

And, oh, he had beautiful gauzy wings,
Nor had he got on any extra things,
For nature had woven the garments he wore,
And I therefore loved him all the more ;
And gave him a part of my clean, white plate,
And he crawled all around, and he ate and ate ;
And I guess he thought my supper was good,
For he seemed to eat as much as he could ;
But when he was done, away he flew
As if he had nothing more to do ;
No bow to make, or word to say,
Or pence or penny he need to pay ;
And, if his thanks he did express,
He had n't a cent of money I guess ;
For somehow I thought he seemed to look
As if he carried no pocket-book ;
But that, I supposed, was as right for him
As it was for a Quaker to wear a broad-brim ;
And so I was glad that I had been good,
And treated him kindly as ever I could ;
For really I thought it might perhaps be
That that little fly was related to me,
Because we were parts of that great whole,—
That all of life, and soul of soul.
Ah, yes, little readers, between you and I,
The cutest of cuties was that little fly ;

And now if this suits you I surely will try
To tell you another true story by and bye.

THE LOST OF EARTH FOREVER IN GOD'S KEEPING.

I've numbered rolling years, Ellen,
With sunbeams and with frost,
Since desolation claimed my heart,
When thou, dear one, wert lost.

And, oh, that deep, deep wound, Ellen,
Is sadly painful yet ;
For balm to heal such heart-felt wounds
I've known not where to get.

You wandered down the brook, Ellen,
And over hill and glade ;
And through the dismal woods, dearest,
Your precious foot-steps strayed.

From morn to darksome night, Ellen,
Thou earnestly wert sought ;
Aye, and till morning came again,
But, oh, we found thee not.

And, then, full many a friend, Ellen,
Wept pitying tears for thee ;
But weepers for the heart most sad
Might well have wept for me.

Yet, still I wearied not, Ellen,
Though others did despair ;
I asked of Heaven where Ellen was,
And Heaven heard my prayer.

Oh, then, in wildest joy, Ellen,
With tears all unrepressed,
How, like a dove, with bleeding heart,
You nestled to my breast.

And, then, how blest was I, Ellen,
Thy little feet to guide ;
And how my o'erjoyed bosom throbbed
Responsive at thy side.

Oh, that expressive face, Ellen,
I never can forget ;
That hopeless grief and deep despair,
How plain the vision yet !

I saved thee once again, Ellen,
When near a watery grave ;

I proudly bore thy trembling form
From out the deep blue wave.

But, now, beyond my reach, Ellen,
In wilderness or wave,
Thou art where only God, dear one,
Can hold the power to save.

They 've placed thy mortal form, Ellen,
Beneath the dewy sod ;
But, oh, that glowing soul of thine
Is sparkling with its God !

Safe, safe, ah, yes, at home, Ellen,
I have not lost thee now ;
For, oh, those blessed hands how sweet
They are upon my brow !

And when I journey forth, Ellen,
To thine own radiant plane,
I know those precious little hands
Will clasp in mine again.

And are *souls* blended there, Ellen,
By infinite decree ?
And then might thine be blent with mine
For all the time to be ?

Oh, if that should be so, Ellen,
And thou mine own for aye ;
The debt I then to Heaven should owe
No mortal man could pay.

LEAVES.

All the glowing stars in the vaulted skies,
And the dew-drops on earth's sod,
Are gems divine for us to prize
On the finger of Father God.

Oft in the lowly walks of life
The tenderest tears are shed ;
And oft the sweetest flowers are found
Upon some lowly bed.

How many a soul-gem hidden lies
Upon the darkened earth
For lack of luster from the skies
To show its countless worth !

Words in holy kindness spoken
Are as priceless gems impearled ;
Or as loaves of life-bread broken
To the famished of the world.

If mankind would be fraternal,
Giving holy kindness sway,
Life on earth and life supernal
Would be Heaven all the way.

The trials of earth are all blessings in spirit,
Designed by Jehovah as treasures to be,—
Wages earned here that the soul must inherit
When it gets over the turbulent sea.

Through the process of sore affliction,
Through sorrow, and pain, and woe,
Our souls are refined and quickened,
And whitened like the snow.

Full many a pilgrim-traveler here
Finds sorrow all the while ;
But when a well-tried soul goes up,
It makes the angels smile.

UNJUST BALANCE.

A man may revel as he will,
And still be lord and king,
But woman, making one misstep,
Must hear her death-knell ring.
Oh, human justice ! oh, jewel of consistency !
Wither have ye fled ?

HELL ? YEA, VERILY !

And whoso layeth vengeance by
Upon old Satan's shelves,
Thinking some other soul to fry,
Must stand the roast themselves.

OUR ONWARD JOURNEYING.

The light on our pathway is only in keeping
With growth of mentality up to today ;
The dawn of the morrow may let us discover
Some other light shining up over our way ;
For mind keeps apace with the soul on its journey,
And halts not forever at favor or frown,
But marshals its forces with valor unrivaled,
The ghost of all others that never will down.

Trials have missions to souls,
As orbs have round the sun ;
And surely as our earth-orb rolls
Their purposed work is done ;
For when misfortune's darkest pall
Is all around us spread,
God's purpose is within it all,
Though seemingly so dread.

God guides our bark upon the waves
Where fitful winds are blowing ;
And though we drift o'er countless graves
They hinder not our going ;
For o'er the tide we safely glide
Across life's turbid river
To where our tears, and griefs, and fears
Shall vanquished be forever.

Life in all phases is fixed and eternal,
And waits but conditions to kindle its flame ;
Nor monkey, nor ape, shall evolve to the human,
Since each in all ages remaineth the same ;
But whence it arose, if it had a beginning,
Or where on the journey we pilgrims have been,
The black-board of God has that problem upon it
Unanswered as yet by the children of men.

LIGHT VERSUS DARKNESS.

How closely we cling to some foolish old error
That long in the past should have been laid
away;
And, oh, how our hands are uplifted in horror
If anyone deems it unfit for today;
But sunshine awaiteth the clouds passing over
To send its rays down to the children of men,
Until they are able to clearly discover
The depths of the darkness in which they have
been.

The soul that lives to bless its kind
While on its journey here
Will a most hallowed welcome find
In yonder spirit sphere.

If thy fellows stand above thee,
And would count thy merits few,
While they would that none should love thee,
Tell them all the angels do.

Who lives in love and not in hate
Is owner of a blest estate.

While not unto all and to each
Is the gift of speech God-given,
There's oft in hallowed silence speech
Which is joyously heard in Heaven.

VALEDICTORY.

Slight no soul upon the earth, lest sorrow for it
attend thee in the Heavens; for all of human
kind are but infant angels; and, one and all,
whatever the seeming now, are surely upon their
pilgrimage to that hallowed land afar, where
God's seraph-singers are chanting in concord that
great blissful anthem, The Song of the Soul.

ROBERT BURNS' NUPTIALS

WITH HIGHLAND MARY IN SPIRIT LIFE.

A poem inspirationally written by Mrs. F. O. Hyzer, and originally published in the *Banner of Light*.

The circumstances of the calling forth of the following charmingly appropriate and characteristic little poem from the immortal bard are these:—

In the early days of Mrs. F. O. Hyzer's mediumship, at Montpelier, Vt., she was often influenced to write both poetry and prose, purporting to emanate from departed spirits. And she had one day been reading some of these productions to a lady visitor, who asked her if Robert Burns (the lady's favorite poet) had ever communicated to her. She replied that she had never been conscious of his presence, nor was she familiar with his writings. The lady then remarked that she hoped he would sometime make known his presence, and answer a question she had in her mind, which question she did not express. A few days subsequently Mrs. Hyzer felt impelled by spirit influence to pen the subjoined lines, which, on being shown to the lady, were found verily to be a most complete and appropriate reply to the query she had had in her mind, and which she felt could certainly be attributed to none other than the purported author.

Fair lady, that I come to you
A stranger-bard fu' weel I ken,
For ye 've known naught of me save through
The lays I 've poured from Scotia's glen ;
But, when I speak o' gliding Ayr,
O' hawthorn shades and fragrant ferns,
O' Doon, and Highland Mary fair,
Mayhap ye 'll think o' Robert Burns.

I am the lad ; and why I 'm here,
I heard the gude dame when she said
She 'd know in joyous spirit spheres
If Burns was wi' his Mary wed.
I sought to tell her a' our joy,
Na muckle impress could I make ;
And, lady, I have flown to see
If ye 'd my *message* to her take.

Tell her that when I passed from earth
My angel-lassie, crowned wi' flowers,
Met me wi' glowing love-lit torch,
And led me to the nuptial bowers ;
That all we 'd dreamed o' wedded bliss,
And more, was meted to us there ;
And sweeter was my dearie's kiss
Than on the flowery banks o' Ayr,

Where love's celestial fountains played,
And rose-buds burst and seraphs sang,
And myrtle twined our couch to shade,
I clasped the love I 'd mourned sa lang ;
And while by angel-harps were played
The bonnie "bridal serenade,"
Though no gowned priest the kirk-rite said,
Burns was wi' Highland Mary wed.

There's na destroying death-frost here
To nip the hope-buds ere they bloom ;
The "bridal tour" is through the spheres,—
Eternity the "honey-moon."
And, now, my lady, if ye'll bear
These words unto the anxious dame,
I think I can ye so reward
Ye'll ne'er be sorry that I came.

THE DYING POET.

[The following lines, from the writings of a Persian poet of the twelfth century, were uttered at the moment when death was about to darken the windows of his earthly habitation; and must, even after the lapse of seven centuries, find an echo in every heart.]

Tell thou to my friends when, weeping,
They my words descry,
Here you find my body sleeping ;
But it is not I.

Now in life immortal hovering,
Far away I roam ;
This was but my house, my covering ;
'T is no more my home.

This was but the cage that bound me ;
I, the bird, have flown ;
This was but the shell around me ;
I, the pearl, am gone.

Over me, as over treasure,
Had a spell been cast ;
God hath spoken at his pleasure ;
I am free at last.

Thanks and praise to Him be given
Who has set me free ;
Now for evermore in Heaven
Shall my dwelling be.

There I stand, His face beholding,
With the saints in light,—
Present, future, past unfolding
In that radiance bright.

Toiling through the plain, I leave you ;
I have journeyed on.
From your tents why should it grieve you,
Friends, to find me gone ?

Let the house forsaken perish ;
Let the shell decay ;

Break the cage, destroy the garments ;
I am far away.

Call not this my death, I pray you ;
'T is my life of life,—
Goal of all my weary wanderings,
End of all my strife.

Think of God with love for ever,
Know his name is love ;
Come to him, distrust him never :
He rewards above.

I behold each deathless spirit ;
All your ways I view ;
Lo ! the portion I inherit
Is reserved for you.





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